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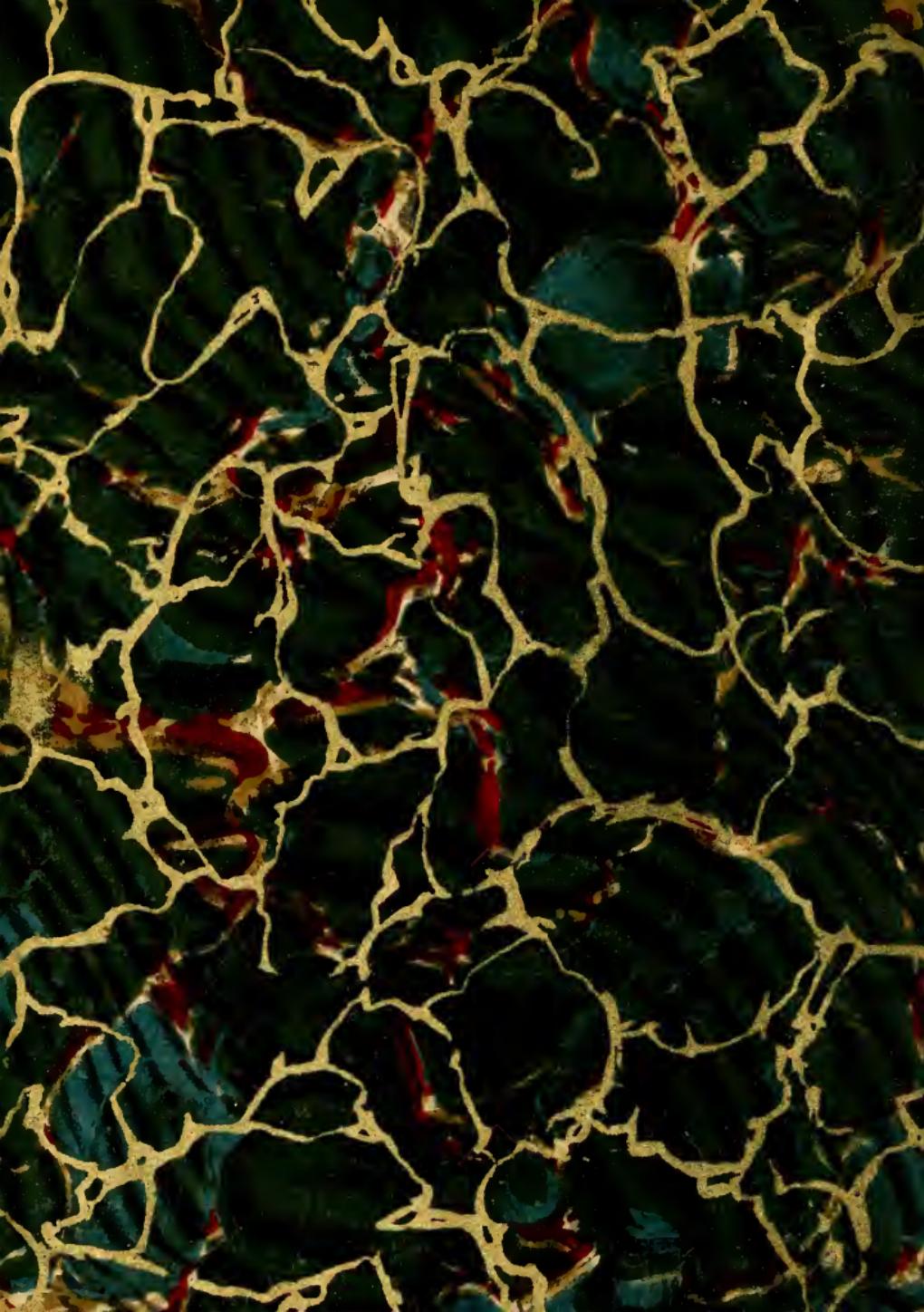
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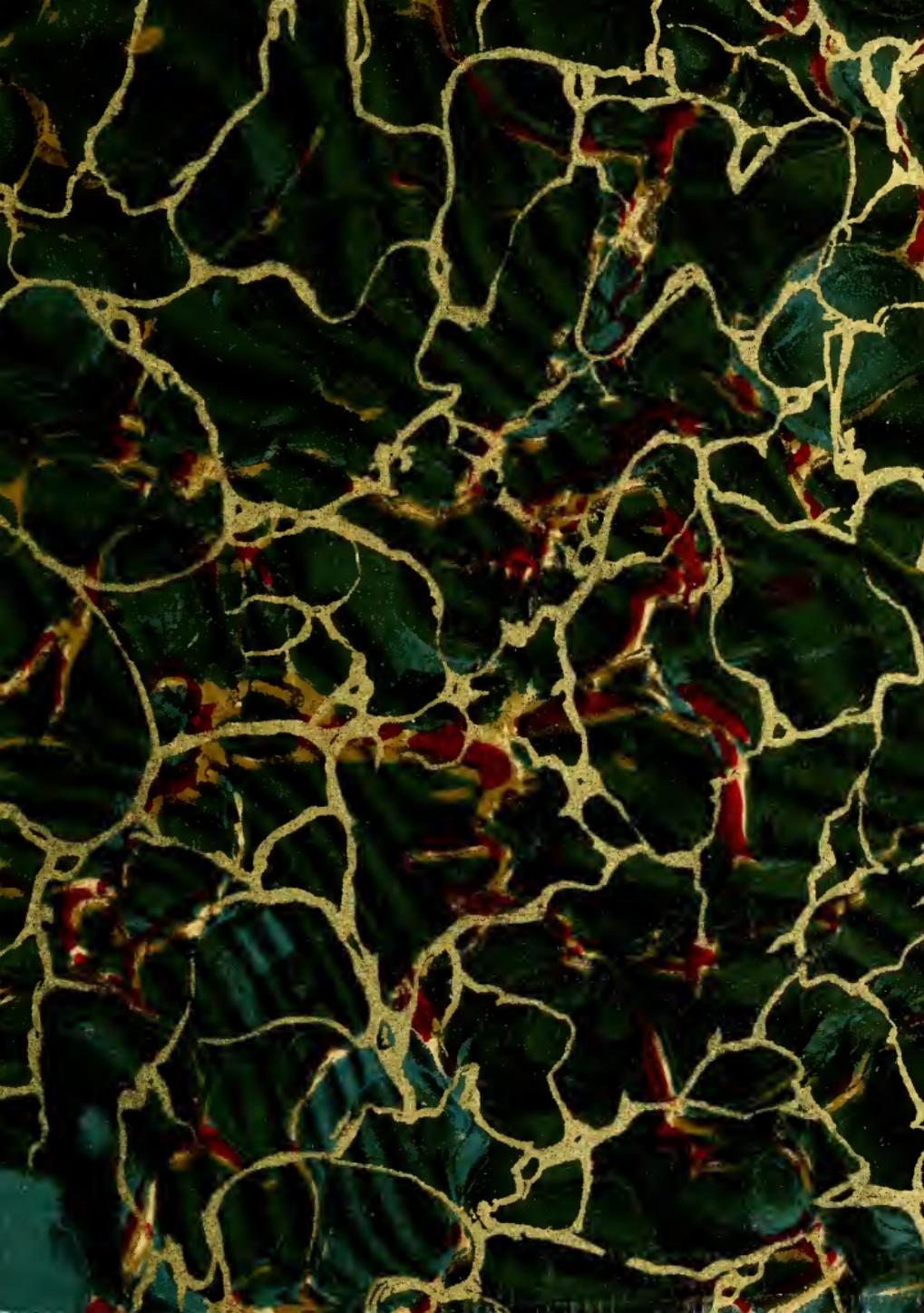
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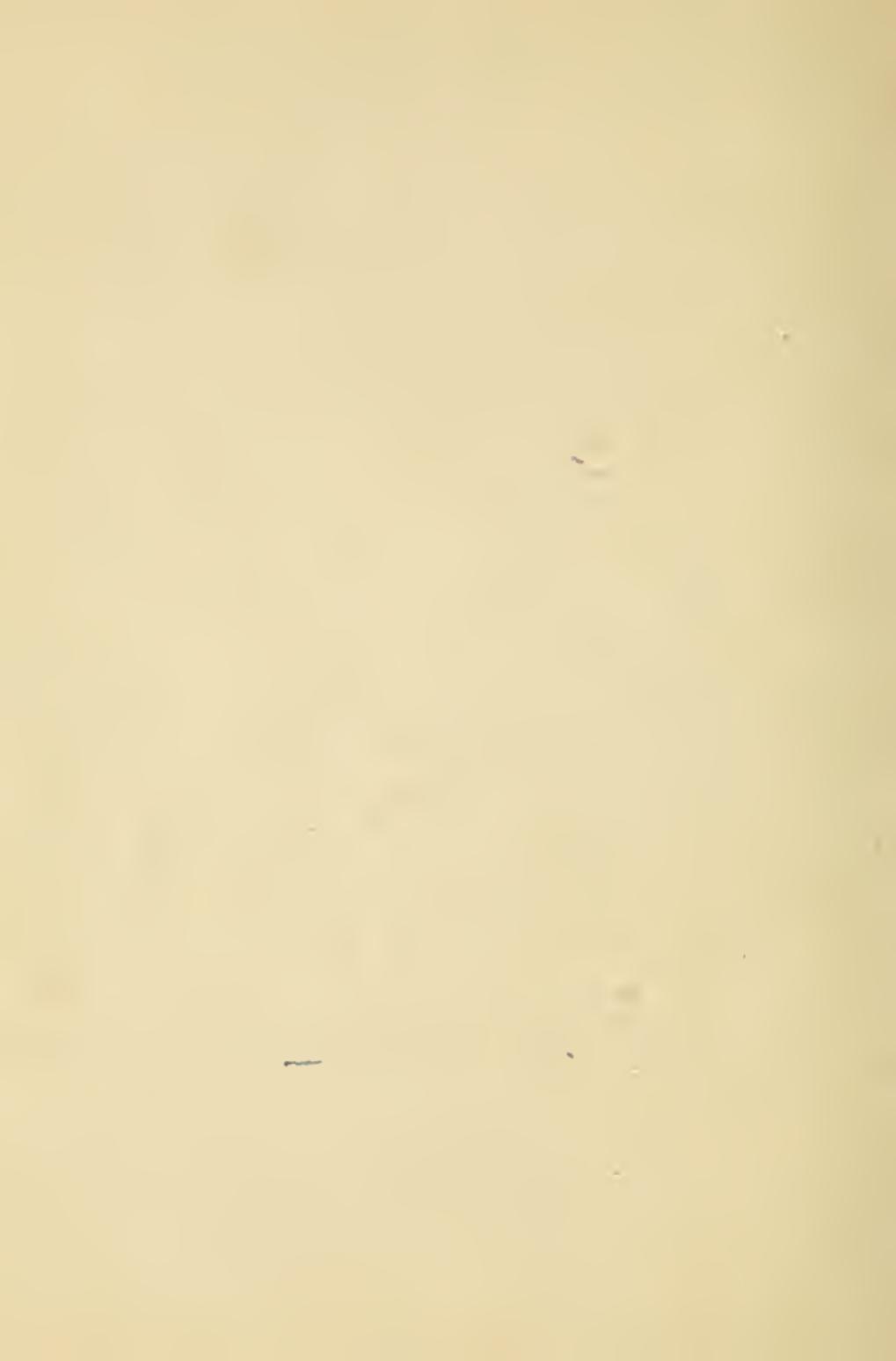
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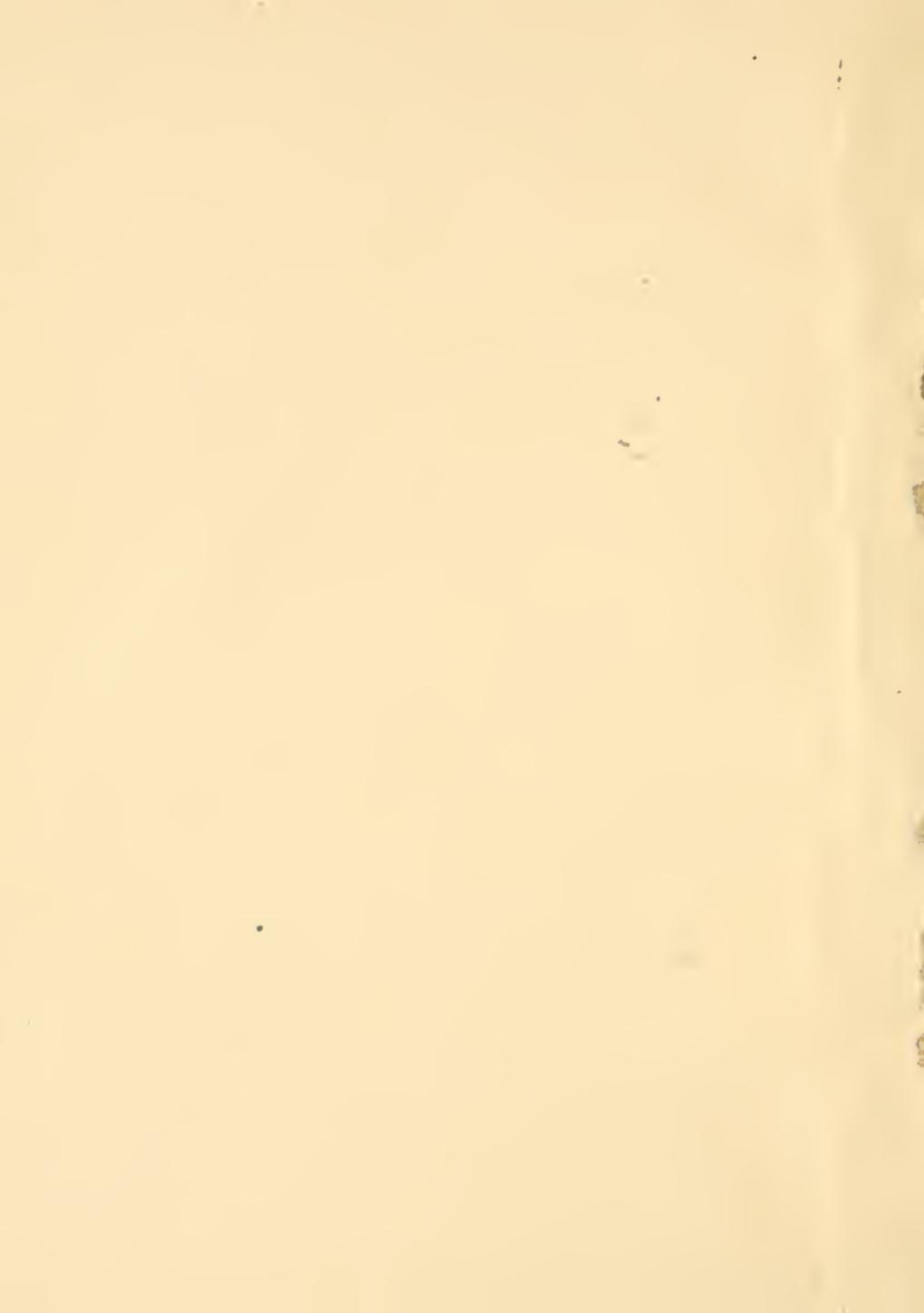


Chamomile













W.H. Cromwell

ON BUENA VISTA'S FIELD
AND OTHER EARLY POEMS

By

PELHAM BROMWELL
II

(H. P. H. BROMWELL)

1823 1903

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DENVER, COLORADO

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O N B U E N A V I S T A ' S F I E L D.

Bright rose the morn, the glorious morn,
And light the standard best revealed,
Which soon should be in triumph borne
O'er Buena Vista's bloody field.

The orient beams serenely fell
Where serried hosts in order lay:
While rang the trumpet's tuneful swell
Precursory of the coming fray.

The hills resound the strains of war,
The hoary rocks repeat the note;
O'er tangled dells and mountains far
The strains of rival clarions float.

Awake Columbia's deathless bands !
The Mexic hosts are on ye now !
With murderous hearts and gory hands
Their legions shade the mountain's brow.

Loud shouts the van, the charging shout
Is borne along the distant flanks ;
The tones of savage joy ring out,
From all their thousand boasting ranks.

They charge ! the trumpet's tones are lost
Amid the conflict's deeper roar ,
While shattered plumes are wildly tossed,
And rival banners float before.

Columbia's braves unfaltering stand
And still their deadly missiles hurl,
Their thunders shake the solid land,
Their sulph'rous clouds sublimely curl.

Then mid the din, and tempest's wrath,
Two warriors urged their arduous way :
Till meeting on th' ensanguined path,
Each paused his comrade to survey.

Nor friends were they, for deep and long
Had hatred in each bosom burned;
With rankling passion deep and strong,
Had each the other's friendship spurned.

They met, but 'neath the cannon's blast,
The soul's ennobling passions rose;
Reviving memories o'er them passed ——
They met, but could not part, as foes.

They sprang —— with more than friendship's clasp,
Each seized the proffered hand once more:
Each, each returned that sinewy grasp,
With fervor all unknown before.

ON BUENA VISTA'S FIELD.

From eyes by toil and vigils dim,
Affection's gentler currents roll —
Ah ! Who shall say what lies within
That deep recess the human soul.

But hark, the shouts of victory rise,
The stripes and stars in triumph wave —
The foe on wings of terror flies,
He yields the soil he vowed to save.

Columbia's sons her fame prolong;
They bear the palm of valor well —
Their name shall rouse the notes of song
While freedom wakes the sounding shell.

And long may pleasure bloom for those
Who in that hour their friendship sealed,
Who parted friends tho' met as foes,
On Buena Vista's bloody field.

TO THE PEARL VESTED SPIKENARD

Gem of the Prairies
And Queen of the fair,
Brightest of Jewels
That Autumn may bear;
Spread to the morning
Thy beauties serene——
Joyful the sunbeam
Shall sport in thy sheen.

Bland are the breezes
That make thy perfume,
Soft are the blue skies
That witness thy bloom;
Beauties unnumbered
Around thee are thrown,
Gem of the wild Prairies
Lovely and lone.

TO THE PEARL VESTED SPIKENARD

What are the splendors
That India can boast,
Blooming perennial
On Lanca's bright coast ?
What are the glories
Displayed in the bowers
Clothed with the verdure
Of tropical flowers ?

Those but the Despot
Or minion behold,
Panting for glory,
Or thirsting for gold ;
Those have not power
To wake in the heart
Thrills of the rapture
Thy beauties impart.

Only the beings
Who flit thro' the groves
Where the bright Peri
Of Paradise roves,
Find in their regions
Of beauty divine
Beauties or odors
Outrivaling thine.

Thine is a language
Which speaks to the soul,
Waking the feelings
No art may control —
Speaking in beauty
Truly thine own,
Gem of the wild Prairie,
Lovely and lone.

Here the bright sunbeam
Is thrown from the skies,
On the soil where the altars
Of freemen arise,
And honor and virtue
Alike may be found,
Where the footstep of slavery
Imprints not the ground.

Then gladly I bid thee
Thou fairest of flowers,
To bloom round my cottage,
And shine in my bowers;
Thy short life while passing
Shall gladden my own,
Gem of the wild Prairie,
Lovely and lone.

T H E R O S E

In the hour when dew drops pearly,
Shone on every tufted bough.
Young Lucillius rising early,
Blithely turned the shining plow.

Soft the lark through ether flying,
Caroled to the rising morn,
Breezes balmy, gently sighing,
Whispered through the mazy corn.

On the rose the dew drop burning,
Glittered in the ambient light;
But the furrow roughly turning,
Crushed the bud from human sight.

Then the sad Lucillius stooping,
Raised from earth the fallen gem,
But its snowy petals drooping,
Withered on the broken stem.

Thus, he cried, o'er bosoms lighted,
Dark misfortunes soonest lower;
And the hopes that shine the brightest,
Wither first beneath their power.

Cumberland Ills., 1843.

V I S I O N S

When the shadows dim and dreary
Gather round the worn and weary,
And in Slumber's silken pinions
 Half the rolling world is bound;
In the silence, holy visions,
As from bright domains Elysian,
Far beyond terrestrial beauties
 Unseen spirits shed around.

Now the holy star light failing,
Yields to gloom, o'er all prevailing,
And an Ocean deep and boundless,
 Spreads above, below, around;
And a voice in choral numbers

Lulls me to delicious slumbers,
Gentle as a whisper holy,
Rising sweetly softly, lowly,
Sinking, till each cadence thrills me
With a rapture more profound;
And afar some strain replying,
As if lost in distance; dying,
Floats in melody untasted,
Save by those whose souls unbound,
Upward soaring,
Pass the consecrated bound.

Then the forms unseen by mortals,
Thro' the glory cinctured portals,
Half disclosed, and half enshrouded,
In the shimmering mist around,
Fill my soul with more than rapture,
And my wildered senses capture,

As the ever varying halos
Which in brightness all surround,
Radiant, beaming,
Fitful streaming,
Flash and fade, alternate round.

Whose bright wand can stay the glory,
Brighter far than sages hoary,
Told in dithyrambic story,
In the days of song renowned
When Parnassian echoes golden
Round Castalia's fountain sleeping,
Woke to more than mortal sound,
Notes immortal which with rapture
All the dual summit crowned.

Only Zion's sacred pages,
Writ by hierophantic sages,
In the old and wond'rous ages

Veiled in mystery profound,
Tell of more ecstatic beauties,
Which the midnight wonders crowned,
Bursting on the prophet's vision
Over Ulai's hallowed ground;
Or when awful in effulgence,
All the waves of Chebar round
Poured ineffable suffusion
O'er the consecrated ground.

Now a dimness gathers o'er me,
And the brightness fades before me,
And again that ocean boundless
Spreads above, below, around;
And again that whisper holy,
Rises distant, softly, lowly,
And the heavenly echoes slowly
Stealing, through my ears resound

Till their cadence;
Like the radiance,
Mingles with the depths profound.

All is ended.

So I rest on mortal ground.

Oh for once with gaze unshrouded,
To behold in beams unclouded,
With supernal vision stronger,
Than the seer on Bethel found,
All the marvelous scenes which ever
In that vision world abound;
In these rapture kindling places,
Which no human pencil traces,
In the realms divine which mortal
Never yet hath seen unbound.

Marshall Ills., 1845.

S P R I N G.

The sunset hour is loveliness,
For Spring is passing by;
With tints of light and rosiness,
Adorning Earth and sky;
And sounds of rural melodies
Are borne on every breeze,
And thrillingly
Their minstrelsy
Reechoes thro' the trees.

The hawthorn bends in gracefulness,
Above the humble flower,
Which blooms in native artlessness
Within the forest bower;
And streams in ceaseless restlessness
Are dancing 'neath the shade,
Or joyously,
But noiselessly,
Meandering through the glade.

SPRING.

The birds in notes of amorousness,
Pour forth their gentle love;
The Blackbird's varying clamorousness,
The cooing Turtledove;
And odors of deliciousness,
From copse and bower and spray,
Float pleasantly,
Incessantly,
Along the enamled brae.

The lambs in sportive blythesomeness
Are skipping o'er the fields;
They seek in native lightsomeness
The food which Nature yields;
And childish forms in mirthfulness
Are bounding o'er the mead:
The truthfulness
Of youthfulness
On every brow we read.

Ten thousand forms of curiousness
Adorn the pebbly brink,
Where flowers of rare luxuriosness.

The limpid waters drink;
And fruits of riper lusciousness,
To feathery boughs will cling,
When whisperingly
The symphonies
Of summer breezes ring.

O, gentle Spring thy beautiouness
Reanimates the heart;
In accents of mellifluousness,
Its cords impulsive start;
Each string completes the euphony;
Beneath thy sweet control;
All resonant
Of melody,
The music of the soul.

When Eden's bloom shone gloriously,
Then Spring displayed her prime;
Ere sorrow reigned victoriously,
The curse that follows time;
And when restored to righteousness
Her bowers with praise shall ring,
Delectably,
Perennially,
Shall reign immortal Spring.

Cumberland Ills., 1846.

T H E P A E S T A N R O S E.

The lovely Pæstan Rose,
Twice in a year its odors sheds around;
And o'er the moss grown rocks its beauty throws;
Which in their mournful grandeur still surround
The lovely Pæstan Rose.

O'er sculptured marbles strown,
And chiseled capitals and columns old,
The deadly winged malaria oft hath flown,
And gloom and silence there a vigil hold;
O'er sculptured marbles thrown.

Who reared those ponderous domes?
What free born race those giant arches flung?
Their history lives no more in ancient tomes,
Nor sculptor's hand hath traced, nor bard hath sung
Who reared those ponderous domes.

In brighter days of yore,
Ere History's page records the things of Earth,
Those hoary relics first adorned the shore
Of that fair lake whose waters gave them birth,
In brighter days of yore.

What sounds of joy or woe,
Reechoed oft within these mouldering halls?
The victors' shout — the captives' wailing low —
No stone records thro' all their dreary walls,
What sounds of joy or woe.

When Spring's first breezes play,
And sunbeams, quivering, paint the vernal skies,
It spreads its petals to the opening day,
And decks the moss grown rock with matchless, dyes,
When Spring's fresh breezes play.

Again when Autumn shines,
And mellow light c'er all the landscape throws,
And purple clusters bend the trembling vines,
Fresh buds adorn the boughs of Pæstum Rose,
Again when Autumn shines.

What power preserves it here ?
Amid the desert wastes unseen to shine ?
To deck with twice told bloom the passing year ?
And Nature whispers, "Tis the hand divine,
Whose power preserves it here."

Bloom on, thou rose alone !
Thy presence cheers the wanderer's fainting sight ;
The winds which fan thee, breathe a balmier tone;
And every heart responds with sad delight ;
"Bloom on thou rose alone."

Note. Amid the ruins of Pæstum is found the rose which blooms twice a year. The city was situated by the lake Salernœ, celebrated for its floating islands, and the wonderful deposits of travertine made by its waters. From this travertine the temples of the city are built. At present the malaria renders the spot uninhabitable.

Cumberland Ills., 1848.

S O N G,

There were days when my spirit in lightness,
Exulted in buoyance and youth,
And the world seemed a vision of brightness,
Illumed by the halo of truth;

Like the days when the Halcyon's bright
pinion
Is spread o'er the calm rolling sea,
They have passed 'neath the dark night's
dominion,
But alas, to return not to me.

There were hearts whose warm friendship a-
round me,

Made all things a paradise seem,
And eyes whose fond influence bound me,
As if in an exquisite dream;

Like the light round the pole star oft
burning,
Whose brilliance inconstant we see,
Their brightness to darkness returning,
No longer sheds lustre for me.

Then Hope held her canopy o'er me,
And bright the horizon she drew,
And joys in the distance before me
Spread regions of charms ever new,
Like the bow whose bright hues are the
blending
Of sunbeam and rain drop set free,
Each picture of ecstacy ending,
Leaves only the dark cloud to me.

Vandalia Ills., 1850.

L I N E S .

[Written after the death of his elder sister Henrietta, who died in Cumberland, in 1845; they were published in the Vandalia paper, the Fuyette Yeoman, Dec. 21 1850. He later bought this paper changing its name to "The Age of Steam;" its files, with many of his finest early poems and essays, were later lost by fire.]

When his last glance the King of Day is sending,
Across the western skies, across the western skies,
And sapphire hues, with liquid gold are blending,
'Mid sunset's matchless dyes, mid sunset's gorgeous dyes:

When softened light o'er hill and dale is streaming.

And breezes wander free, and wild winds wander free;

And star-like flowers from copse and forest gleaming,

Send perfume o'er the lea, pour incense o'er the lea;

When evening's star from out the blue heavens shining,

With its soft pearly ray,— with its own pearly ray.

Comes forth, above the rosy light declining,

To deck the close of day — the gentle close of day;

Then in those holy hours of calm reflection,

Sweet visions greet mine eyes — bright visions greet mine eyes,

As musing o'er some hallowed recollection,

I see thy form arise — I see thine image rise.

Bright as in years long past, and days departed,
In childhood's careless hours — in childhood's
thoughtless hours;
When thou wert near, the true and faithful heart-
ed,
And joy untold was ours — and joys untold were
ours.

When o'er the vale in heavenly accents flying,
Thy ever gentle voice — thy ever gentle voice,
To music from the rocks and glens replying,
Bade each fond heart rejoice — bade this lone
heart rejoice.

'Mid Spring's fresh bloom, and Summer's riper
beauty,
Beneath our household tree — around our house-
hold tree,
We searched the page that points to love and
duty,
Before our Mother's knee — our sainted Mother's
knee.

Then oft we wandered through the deep recesses,
Where grew the woodland flower — where bloom-
ed the wildwood flower,
And violets plucked to deck thy auburn tresses,
Within our hillside bower — our lonely hillside bow-
er,

Where high old elms, Æolian music breathing,
To all the breezes waved — in joyous measure
waved;
We watched the waves, fantastic, shining, wreath-
ing,
Around the rocks they laved — the snowy rocks
they laved,

Or sat at morn, when countless gems were shining
From Nature's boundless store — from Nature's
dewy store,
With bud and rose and leaflet twining
The wreath the May Queen wore — the wreath thy
temples wore.

We dreamed not then of dark clouds gathering o'er
us,
That pain and death were nigh —— that death it-
self was nigh,
Nor thought of hours less bright than those before
us,
When childhood's joys flew by —— when youth's
fond joys flew by.

But now thy once loved flowers in clusters blend-
ing,
From morn till evening wave — from morn till
evening wave,
Where thy own willow now is sadly bending,
Above thy lowly grave — above thy lonely grave.

There oft at dewy evening's hour repairing
Amid the calm profound — amid the calm profound,
I'll come, sweet buds and fragrant flow'rets bearing,
To deck thy lonely mound — thy consecrated
mound.

There oft I'll view thee in thy brighter glory,
Set free from Earth's dark cell —— this dark and
mournful cell,
In visions bright : s these in ancient story,
Which hoary legends tell —— which hoary legends
tell.

And still my heart, thy fond rememb'rance keeping,
Its wailings ne'er shall cease — its deep toned wail-
ings cease,
But yet, as on thy couch of pain and weeping,
I bid thee rest in peace — sweet sister, rest in
peace.

Cumberland Ills.

D E L P H I.

O Delphi of the mount !

Along whose sacred avenues of yore,
Walked bards whose strains thy glories still recount,
And heros, whose proud days, as thine, are o'er,
O Delphi of the mount !

Within thy stately fane.

Were gathered Earth's proud magnates to adore ;
Thy Pyth'ness waked the hierophantic strain,
When bending hosts the sacred emblems bore,
Within thy stately fane.

Around thy Parian towers,

No ponderous wall, or war like bastion rose ;
The Delphian God and all supernal powers,
Shed mystic influence to disarm thy foes,

Around thy Parian towers.

First o'er thy regal height,
His wheels of flame the Day God's chariot bore;
While round him danced Morn's rosy hours of light
And swift Aurora scattered flowers before,
First o'er thy regal height.

O Delphi of the mount !
Where are the glories of thy royal prime ?
Why do the Muses to thy mystic fount.
Descend no more, as in the elder time ?
O Delphi of the mount !

By Dian's silver light,
They wove for poets high the bounding song;
Or bade the artless shepherds with delight
Their love winged flute notes in the vale prolong.
By Dian's silver light.

In gloom and sadness dwell
The chosen places of thy glory now;
The bannered pageant and the pæan's swell,
Alike have passed, and dust is on thy brow,
Where gloom and sadness dwell.

Forgotten and alone.
Thou sittest by the tomb of human pride;
The lips that greet thee speak in stranger's tones,
And, passing quickly, leave thee to abide
Forgotten and alone.

And empty is the fame,
Wherewith thy excellency once was crowned;
And thus, for those is glory still the same,
Who would immortal be on mortal ground,
And empty is the fame.

P R O L O G U E.

[Spoken at a Thespian exhibition in Vandalia, 1855.]

Once in the clime where silvery Dian smiles
On seas that bathe the fair *Aegean* isles,
Where shattered ruins to the silent shades
Tell the sad tale, "Thus human glory fades";
Before the touch of Art's majestic wand
Had scattered beauties o'er the smiling land,
The rival muses led their chosen trains
To ardent contest on the myrtle plains.

Bright Clio spoke, and History oped her roll,
And traced for future years the living scroll;
Euterpe touched her shell and waked the chords
Whose thrilling tones enchantment still afford,
While her bright sister by her voice divine
Bade Art arise, and heaven born Science shine;
The tragic Muse her ardent votaries fired;
And last, Thalia her chosen sons inspired.

First in her train, first in the comic art,
See genius rise, as Thespis mounts his cart.
Thespis whose name renowned in countless lays,
The Thespian Corps shall hail to latest days;
Tho' rude his vestments, and so mean his stage,
Which some would scorn in this enlightened age,
Yet from that germ, behold what fruits arose;
Not time permits their merit to disclose.

Light and refinement which such joys impart,
Walk hand in hand with histrionic art,
Where e'er they pass they teach each favored race,
To cultivate more polished forms of grace;
And uncouth shepherds, on the wastes forlorn,
With gems of taste their native wilds adorn.

Thus here we spread our scenes before your view;
Scenes of amusement and instruction too;
For only those who strive may hope to learn,
And who applause would win, applause must earn.

This is our art when rightly understood,
To give impressions of the true and good,
Not in a doleful mood, with abject mind,
But with philosophy and sport combined.

The world of Nature, to your mind displayed,
Presents a scene of mingled light and shade;
Where e'er we spread the forest's sombre bower,
We deck its carpet with the scented flower;
Where the rough rock frowns sternly o'er the way,
We throw the sunlight's glance, and bid the wood-nymphs play.

Then courteous friends accept our welcome here,
Your greatest pleasure is our brightest cheer;
Your generous feelings will forbid you still,
To mock our youth, or inexperienced skill;
May Fortune crown your paths, and Friendship more,
While long Vandalia sits on bright Kaskaskia's shore.

H Y M N.

Thrice holy is thy name,
O King immortal of the upper skies —
Creation's countless forms thy power proclaim,
And through immensity each voice replies,
Thrice holy is thy name.

Creation's anthem rings
In blended tones of melody divine,
From stellar worlds; each in its orbit sings,
And from the milder orbs that round us shine,
Creation's anthem rings.

This infant world of ours
Was hailed to light by such celestial sounds;
When sons of God, and all supernal powers
Shouted, while morning stars rejoiced around
This infant world of ours.

Around this whirling sphere,
Commingle sounds of Earth, and air, and sky;
The boom of thunder shakes the welkin here,
While mountain height and sheltered vale reply
 Around this whirling sphere.

In majesty profound,
The billows swell and heave their ceaseless roar;
While rolls the mighty diapason round,
Deep calling unto deep, and shore to shore,
 In majesty profound.

And gentler tones than these,
Weave choral symphonies more sweetly bland —
The zephyr's breath, which bears o'er Arctic seas
Mellifluous accents from some palmy strand
 And gentler tones than these.

Ten thousand notes are heard
From mountain top and copse and vale and plain;
The voice of living creature, beast and bird,
From whose harmonious throats to swell the strain,
Ten thousand notes are heard.

Beauty and brightness all —
All which in loveliness thou hast arrayed,
Incense and music yield, and still recall
In endless rounds thy praise, whose hands have
made
Beauty and brightness all.

Vandalia Ills., 1851



T O C R U T C H F I E L D,

O Crutchfield, long has been the while —
Since last I met thy friendly smile,
Since last thy converse did beguile
My pensive hours, *mon ami*.

Where hast thou gone — and whither flown,
Say, dost thou wander far and lone
Uncheered by Friendship's soothing tone
In exile sad, *mon ami*?

Hast thou forgot when side by side
The gentle hours would o'er us glide
Where "Friendship, Love and Truth" reside,
Unmixed with guile, *mon ami*?

Canst thou forget thy quandom chum
Who always smiled to see thee come,
It recked not when, or whither from,
Who hails thee still *son ami*?

TO CRUTCHFIELD.

Oft when the moonlight fell serene,
We sat beneath the locusts green,
Discoursing on some new machine
To "save the mind." *mon ami:*

Or oft with point of pencil fine
We traced the rare unique design,
Or drew the nice perspective line
By novel rules, *mon ami.*

Well might our mathematic art.
A truthful lesson still impart,
To teach the self alluring heart
Of human life, *mon ami;*

For life is still a strange design
Where various lights and shades combine
Yet how produced may none divine;

Its mingling colors ever change,
Each transformation still more strange,
And on the Trestle board arrange
Gay scenes and sad, — *mon ami.*

Its brightest things the eye perceives,
In dim perspective which deceives,
The hoping heart that well believes
To grasp them yet, — *mon ami.*

While near the eye the forms appear
Still more defective as more near,
Uncouthly drawn in lines severe;
With sombre shades, — *mon ami.*

Thus present joys no charm can yield
Each joy by sorrow half concealed,
We only mark the ills revealed,
And taste no sweets, — *mon ami.*

Note: Crutchfield was in Vandalia, a talented architect, also quite an artist; his old walnut easel and a roll of his drawing paper are still preserved in the family of his friend "Pelham."

T O A D A.

Ada, now the moonbeams pearly radiance
Trembles on the bowers,
And the night wind breathes a silvery cadence,
To the dewy flowers;

Ada, now the pensive hours move slowly,
Around Night's sable car;
And thy spirit roves through regions holy,
Of the dreamland far.

I too, well might dream of all things gentle,
Such as Poets tell
Far beyond the shadows occidental,
In Elysium dwell.

But I will not let my fancy wander,
In such wayward flight;
Here upon thy gift of flowers I ponder
And with more delight.

Gentle flowers, tho' doomed to evanescence;
Swift ye pass away;
Ye shall still with your ephemeral presence,
Cheer me while I stay.

Not the bright gems wrought by magic numbers
Of the gnome queen's skill,
E'er could win me as the charm which slumbers
In your petals still.

Not indeed the midnight blooming cereus
Which on Lanca's shore,
To the darkness spreads its charms mysterious,
When the day is o'er;

Nor e'en yet the rose of all transcendent
Which by Persian springs
To the moonbeams spreads its disk resplendent
While the *bul bul* sings.

Absent still would be the charm that
 lingers
 Round yon beauteous flowers;
Those were never culled by Ada's fingers,
 Nor from 'Bella's bowers.

Therefore do I bid you cordial greeting
 To my attic lone;
While your momentary life is fleeting
 It shall cheer my own.

Vandalia Ills., 1852.



M E R R Y N E W Y E A R.

Merry New Year, cousin "Evvie"
Tho' the clouds be dark and heavy,
Merry New Year, cousin "Carrie"
While the festive moments tarry;
Though for you the golden day
Cheers a landscape far away;
Tho' your sounds of careless mirth
Mingle round a distant hearth,
Thinking not that fancy's eye
Brings your smiles and pleasures
nigh ;
And to picture all your joys
Magic pencilings employs ;
Tracing as with lines of light
Every faultless feature bright
Every sunny glance and smile,
Every tone and artless wile,
Charms which still the heart will
tell
Round the loved and gentle dwell.

Tho' with you I mingle not,
Memory's glass reveals the spot,—
Bright each hill and field appears,
In the "light of other years,"
As the rainbow colors flow,
O'er the days of "long ago."

Now another year has passed,
Mingling with the shadowy past;
Vernal hues and summer flowers
Perished with the scented bowers;
And the tempests, howling, sweep
Where the withered lilies sleep.

Yet not all alone they lie ;
Blooming cheek and beaming eye,
Fairest of all human flowers,
In this changing world of ours,
Low in dreamless slumber rest,
In the Earth's maternal breast.

But the vernal tints again,
Shall enliven vale and plain ;
When the golden sun shall bring
Rosy vested, buoyant Spring.

While the winter hours are drear,
Hopes of brighter days shall cheer ;
Thus may coming pleasures still,
All your future changes fill ;
Sunlight's glance, and rainbow hues
All your sky of life suffuse ;
And when evening's shadows fall,
O'er life's transient beauties all
Hope shall light her beacon star,
On the eternal heights afar,
Guiding to the sapphire gate,
Where sweet Mercy's seraphs wait,
Where shall meet the good and true,
And the year be ever new.



E V E N I N G P A S S I N G.

Serenely fell the sun's departing rays
Across the plains, the founts, the little streams;
Thro' yon old woods, where bright plumed song-
sters raise
Their mellow notes, a flood of glory streams.

Far on the south, amid the ærial blue,
Yon marble cloud, apart from all the rest,
As if where storms ne'er lowered, nor tempest
blew,
In solitary grandeur seems to rest.

Methinks while gazing on its burnished sides
And through its gilded aisles, some fairy ring
In some bright mansion now, e'en there resides,
Whose choral strains may bid its arches ring.

But mark, as day declines, no longer seen
Tint after tint each in its turn has passed ;
The pall of darkness hides the brilliant scene,
And all its pomp is mingled with the past.

Now light recedes, and evening's sombre veil
Is thrown o'er mountain, forest, lake and rock ;
Dim silence reigns in the sequestered vale;
Where maples, moaning, to the breezes rock.

The wandering herds that roam the plain at will,
Have laid them down beside the mossy well,
While from the forest dell the whip-poor-will
Pours forth his plaintive accents known so well.

The starry world lies hushed in slumbers sound,
The bird has ceased his song and all is still,
Save where some humble flock with pious sound
Invokes His name who guards their slumbers still.

Blest is their sleeping who their Friend may call
The one of boundless power and sleepless eye;
Secure they rest, and so till morning's call
Beneath His holy vigilence may I.

Note. He did not copy this poem among the others in the mss. volume of his short poems compiled in 1856: it was lost amidst some old tax receipts, and forgotten very likely; it had no title.

A B D U L O F T I M B U C T O O.

Alone where the stretching desert's way
Lay wild and hard in the shimmering heat;
Where the jagged rocks in the scorching ray
Pressed hot and sharp on the blistering feet;
Alone by the Niger's endless flood,
Where the fell hyena doth fiend-like howl,
With receding step and shrinking eye,
Where the sand glare flashed to the brazen sky,
Athirst, and fainting with hunger and pain,
Toiled a wildered youth on the African plain.

The sun did smite him with blinding glare,
Like the glow of a furnace thro' stifling air;
No screen, or shadow of rock or cloud,
Relief and rest to his limbs allowed;
The sun must sink in his course at length,
Yet sink must also his failing strength;

And the night hours bring with the fresher air,
But wasting vigils and chill despair;
When the sun shall whelm not with seary blaze,
The stars shall mock with their quiet gaze.

Ah woe to the wanderer lost and worn !
What pitying bosom thy pains will heed ?
What hand shall guide in thy path forlorn,
What arm support in this deathly need ?
What roof shall shelter, what voice shall cheer ?
The shipwrecked venturer struggling here
Thus far from the land of thy home and heart,
That home of youth where thy soul had part
In the household band where thy brothers share
The blessed hearthlight and loved ones' care.

O that land of thine is a beauteous land !
There Honor, Liberty, Law are found ;
The shrines of worship and charity stand,
And the blessed words of the Lord abound.

But here the savage and swarthy hordes
Know not at all of those arts divine;
The bond of charity's silken cords,
Or human brotherhood's love divine.

What hand will smite on the rock for thee
That waters sweet in these wastes may flow,
That the flinty heart of the pagan be
A fountain of mercy for all thy woe.

Will hoisted manna at Heaven's command
Descend for thee on this desert land?

PART II

The wanderer hath passed on his path of pain,
The trackless desert, and voiceless plain:
With toil and hunger his limbs have shrunk,
The wasting fever his blood hath drunk.
The jackal, howling, hath tracked his way,
The savage prowler in ambush lay,
These gave him wounds upon hands and head,
Those lapped with — — — the blood that he shed;

And on through forests of awful shade,
Through thickets tangled, and morass wide
He hath crept where the — — — foul brood
is laid.

And giant serpents in secret glide.
He hath toiled by the Niger's endless flood,
Where the wild hyena doth fiend-like howl,
Where the jungle panther thirsts for blood,
And sneaking wolves in the darkness prowl.

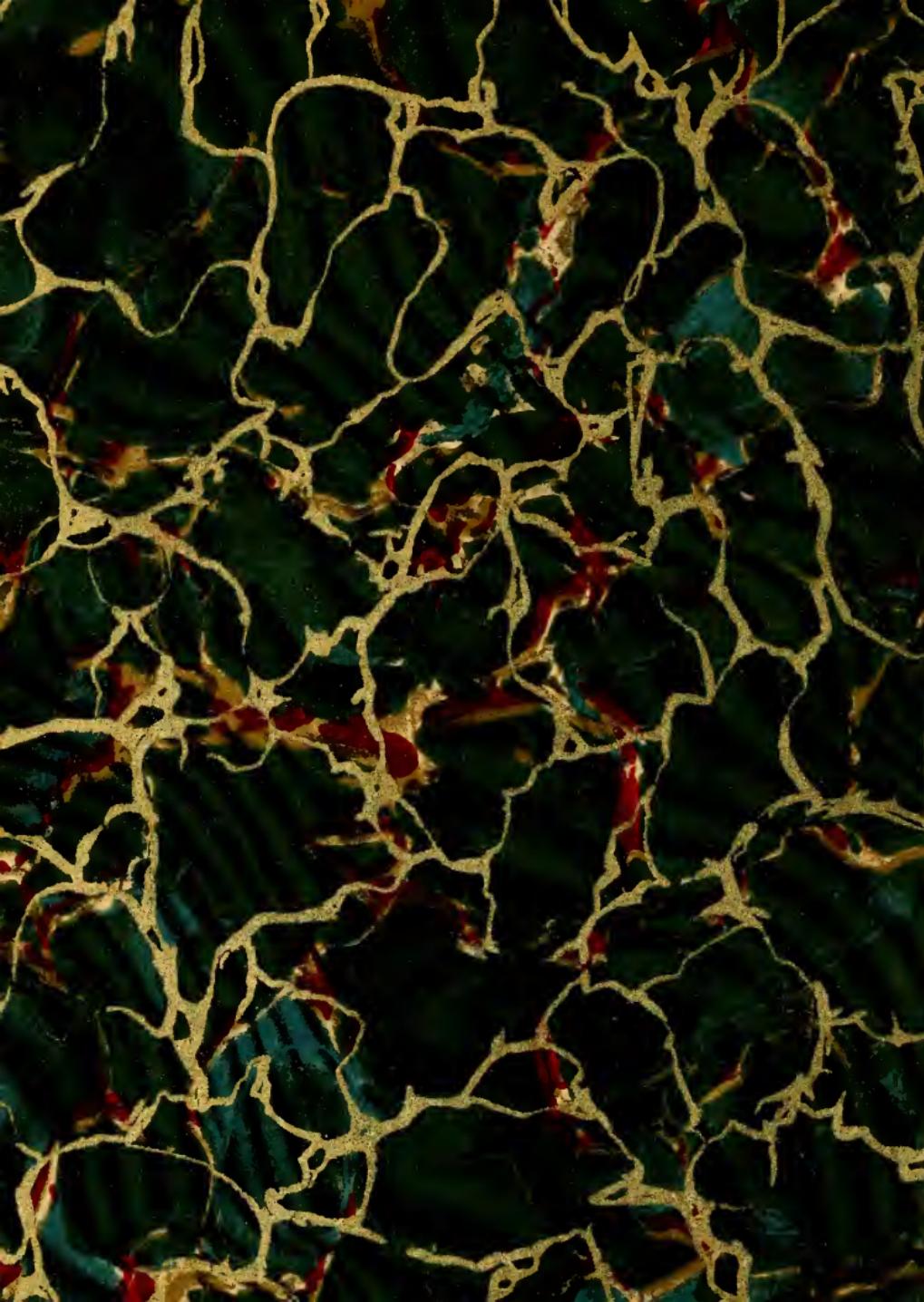
And now mid the dwellings of dark skinned
men
The tribes of Afric, his path doth lie,
Till a city's walls he beholds again,
And welcome the sight to his longing eye:
Tho' here he knows not what doom awaits
The perishing son of another race;
Is there cheer or safety within its gates,
Or hearts of pity, or words of grace?

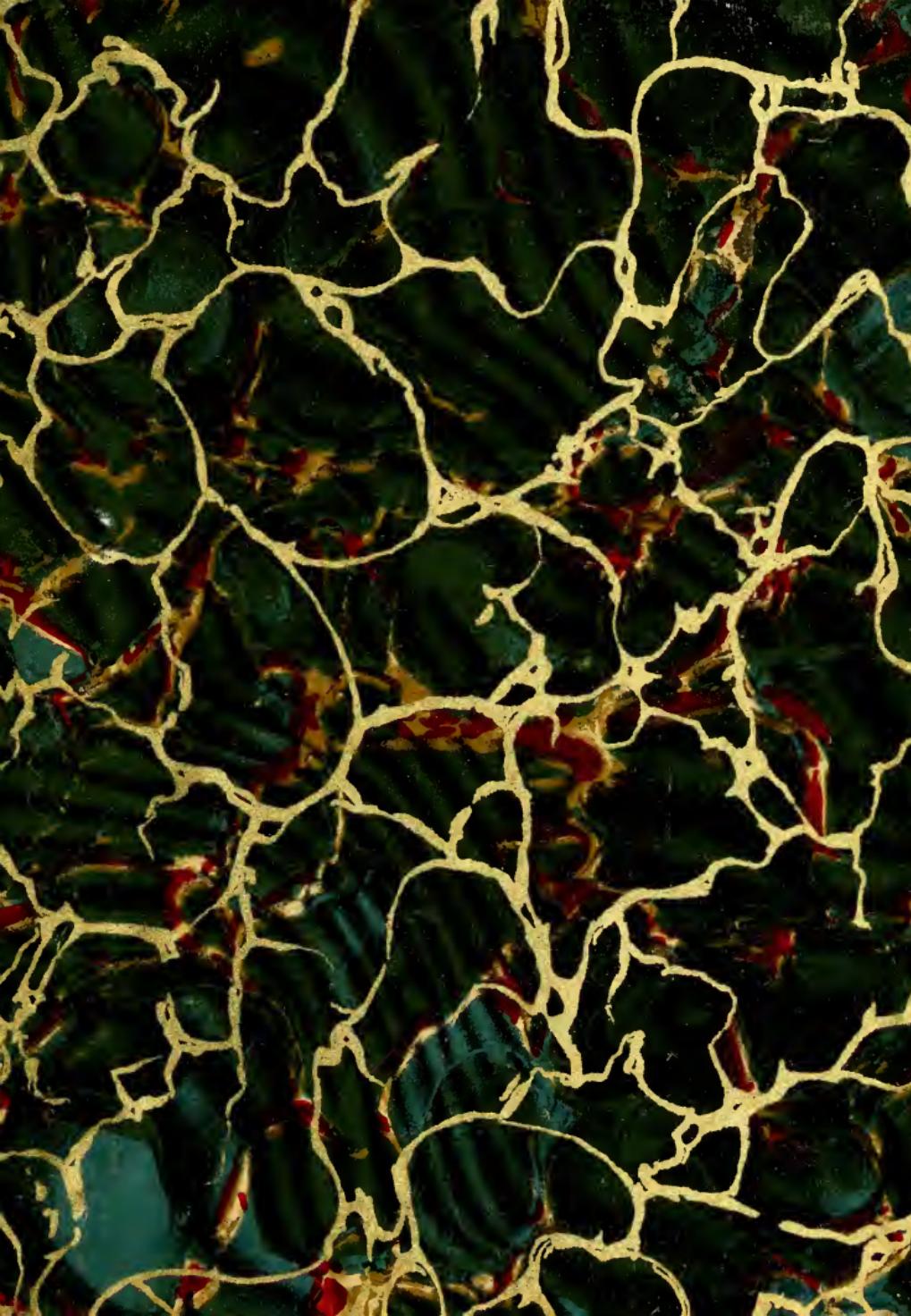
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Note.

The compiler does not know if this poem was ever finished; it is from a fragment, lost, like the preceding one, amid some old documents. It was written in pencil on a scrap, and the starred spaces not filled in, and seems to be an early bit of work.







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